

CHAPTER VI.

The astonishment of Preble Key on pecognizing the gateway into which the naysterious tady taid vanished was so great that he was at first inclined to believe her entry there a mere trick of his fancy. That the confederate of a gang of subbers should be admitted to the austere recesses of the convent, with a celerity that spoke of familiarity, was incredible. He again glassed up and down the length of the shadowed but still visitde wall. There was no one there. The wall itself contained no break or revess in which one could hide, and this was the only gateway. The opposite side of the street in the full mosalight stored emptily. Not Unless she were an illusion herself and his whole chase a dream, she must have entered

But the chase was not hopeless. He had at inst tracked her to a place where rise could be identified. It was not a hotel which the could leave at any moment unobserved. Though he could not follow her and penetrate its seclusion now, he could later thanks to his old accountions. with the padres of the contiguous college -pain an introduction to the Lady Superior on some present. She was sufe there that night. He turned away with a feeling of relief. The incongruity of her retreat assumed a more favorable aspect to his opes. He looked at the hallowed walls and the slumbering pencefulners of the guarded out trees that but the convent, and a gentle remainsoence of his youth stole over him. It was not the first time that he had guzed wisifully upon that charte tefage where, percaps, the bright eyes that be had followed in the quaint school procession under the leafy Alameda in in were at last closed in genite shumber. There was the very grille through which the wicked Conculta-of was at Poince?-had shot her Parthan glance at the largering student. And the man of thirty-five, prematurely gray god settled in former, ranked as he mened away, and forgot the adventuress of thirty who had brought lonethere.
The next morning be was up betimes and

at the college of San Jose. Father Ciprison, arrifle corresumt; and age1, remembered with deligid his old pupil. Aid it was true, then, that behad become a minimpresident. then, that behad become a minimpresident, and that was why his hair was gray; but be other from Proble and not forgot that this was not all of life, and that fortune brought great responsibilities and cares. But what was this, then? He had thought of branging our some of his relations from the States and placing a niece in the convent This was good and wise. Ah, yes, for edto the shareh. And he would see the lady su perior. Attains was but the twist of one's finger and the lifting of a latch to a grave superintendent and a gray bend like that. Of course he taid not forgotten the convent. and the course according, nor the discipline and the suspended helidays. And it was a perial grain of our lady that he, Father Currento, had not been worried into his grave by these foolish muchnones. Yet when he had extinguished a smulfy chuckle in his red fundamm handken sief Key knew that he would accompany him to the convent that poor.

It was with a slight stirring of shame over his clalocate protext that he passed the gate of the Sacred Heart with the good latter. But it is to be feared that he speedfly forgot that in the unexpected information that it elicited. The lady superior was gracious and even enthusiastic. Ali, yes, it was a growing custom of the Asperican caballeros who had no homes, nor yet time to create any-to bring their sisters, like side glance toward Key-even the young senerities they wished to fit for Christian brides. Unlike the caballero, there were many becomes men so ened in their affairs that they could not find time for a personal examination of the convent-which was to be regretted-Sacred Heart and its good friends, smiply sent the young lady the female companion. Notably this was the case of Sener Rivers-did Don Preble ever know him?-a great capitalist in the Sierras, whose sweet young sister, a naive ingraises creature, was the pride of the convent. Of course, it was better that it was so. Discipline and seclusion had be minatained. The young girl should look upon it as her bone. The rules for visitors were necessarily severe. It was rare, indeed, except in a case of urgency; such as impresed last night, that evera lady, unless the parent of a scholar, was admitted to the bosomicity of the convent.

And this lady was the only friend of that same sister of the American capitalist, although she was the one who had brough herthere. No she was not a relation. taps Don Proble land heard of a Mrs. Barher-a friend of Rivers of the Sierras. It was a queer combination of names. But what will you? The names of Americanos mean nothing And Don Preble knows them not. Ah! Possibly?-good! The lady would be remembered, being tall, dark and of fine presence, though sad. A few hours earlier and Don Proble could have judged for himself, for, as it were, she might have passed through this visitors' room. It was ecause of a telegram—those heathen contrivances that blort out things to you, with erun excuse, nor a smile, nor a kiss of the hand. For her part she never let her scholars receive them, but opened them herself, and translated them in a Christian spirit, after due preparation, at her lessure. And it was this telegram that made the Senora Barker go, or without doubt she would have of her self told to the Don Preble, her compatriot of the Sierras, how good the convent was

Stong by the thought that this woman had again evaded him, and disconcerted and confused by the scarcely intelligible information he had acquired, Key could with difficulty maintain his composure. "The caballero is tired of his long pascar," said the Lady Superior gently. "We will have a glass of wine in the lodge waiting room." She led the way from the reception room to the outer door, but stopped at the sound of approaching footsteps and rustling mus-In along the gravel walk. "The second class are going out," she said, as a gentle procession of white frocks, led by two nons, filed before the gateway, "We will wait until they have passed. But the ambappy.

They certainly looked very cheerful, although they had halted before the gateway with a little of the demureness of young people who know they are overlooked by nuthority, and had bumped against each other with affected gravity. Some what ashamed of his useless deception, and the guildess simplicity of the good Lady Superior, Key besitated and began: "I am afraid that I am really giving you too much trouble," and suddenly stopped,

For us his voice broke the deone of the nearest-a young girl of apparently seventeen-turned toward him with a

palse, and as quickly turned away again. But in that instant Key caught a glimpse of a face that might not only have thrilled m in its beauty, its freshness, but in some ague suggestiveness. Yet it was not that which set his pulses beating; it was the look of Joyous recognition set in the parted lies and sparkling eyes; the glow of child like, innocent pleasure that mantled the sweet young face; the frank confusion of iddenly realized expectancy and longing. A great truth gripped his throbbing heart and held it still. It was the face that he had seen in the hollow. The novement of the young girl was too marked to escape the eye of the Lady Superior, though size had inslated it differently. "You must not believe our young ladies are all so rude, from Proble," she said, dryly; "though our dear child has still some of the mountain freedom. And this is the Senor Rivers sier. But possibly-who knows?" she said ently, yet with a sudden starpness in her clear eyes, "perhaps she recognized in your voice a companion of her brother."

Luckily for Key, the shock had been so sudden and overpowering that he showed none of the lesser symptoms of agitation or em-harrassment. In this revelation of a secret that he now instinctively felt was bound up with his own future happiness, he exhibited one of the signs of a discovered intriguer. or unmasked Lothario. He said, quietly and coldly. "I am afraid I have not the pleasure of knowing the younglady, and cer tainly have never before addressed her. Yet he scarcely heard his company voices, and answered mechanically, see ing only before him the vision of the girl's bewirching face in its still more bewitch ling consciousness of his presence. With all that he now knew or thought he knew, came a strange delicacy of asking further jumpions, a vague fear of compror ber, a quick impatience of his present de-reption; even his whole quest, of her seemed ow to be a profusation, for which he must ask ber forgiveness. He longed to be alone to recover himself. Even the temptation to hoper on some pretex tand wait for herre-turn and another glance from her Joyous ces was not as strong as his conviction title necessity of cooler thought and action He had met his fate that morning, for good riff-that was all be knew. As soon as be old decently retire he thanked the hely superior, promised to communicate with er later, and, taking leave of Father Cip-iano, found bimself again in the street.

Who was she, what was she, and what to be foured that it was the last question at affected him nost, now that he felt that Bad she really seen him before, and e w.s. It was not the reflection of a con-cited man, for Key had not that kind of forgotten to shut behind him. ex, and he had already touched the But he would not thank of that now. He had established the identity of the other woman as being her compenied in the se in the hollow on that eventful night; at it was her profile that he had seen The mysterious brother Rivers might have been one of the robbersperhaps the one who accompanied Mrs. Barker to san Jose, but it was plain that the young girl had no complicity with the actions of the gaig, whatever might been her companion's confedera-In the prescience of a true lover he knew that she must have been deceived and kept in utter ignorance of it. There was no look of it in her lovely iletess eyes; her very impulsiveness and emiousness would have long since bethose frank, beautiful eyes dimmed with stant before. shame and sorrow? His own grew moist. Another idea began to haunt him. Would her nione with her secret, and so pass and I got out without anybody knowing out of her innocent young life as chance me in her clothes. I see what it is, at of her innocent young life as ch fully as he had entered it? But was it altogether chanceful? Was there not in her impocent impoiness in him a recognition of something better in him than he had

celt of the humility of love He reached his hotel at last, unresolved, erplexed, yet singularly happy. The cierk banded him, in passing, a bu letter, formally addressed. Without open ing it be took it to his room, and, the himself listhesly on a chairby the window, again tried to think. But the atmospher of his room only recalled to him the myrte rious gift he had found the day before on his nillow. He felt now with a thrill that it must have been from her. How did the convey it there? She would have intrusted it to Mrs. Barker. The idea strack him now ns distastefully as it seemed impre Perhaps she had been here herself with her companion-the convent sometimes made that concession to a relative or wellhe had seen Mrs Barker enter the hotel alone, after the incident of the opening door, while he was leaning over the balustrade. She was alone then, and had recognized his voice; and he had not known it. She was out again to-day with the procession. A sudden idea struck him. He glanced quickly at the letter in his hand, and hurriedly opened it. It contained only three lines in a large formal hand, but they sent the awift blood to his checks.

dared to thinkel himself? It was the

"I heard your voice to-day for the third time. I want to hear it again. I will come it dusk. Do not go until then." Hesat stupefied. Wasit madness, audacity

a trick? He summoned the waiter. The etter had been left by a boy from the confecoper's shop in the next block. He rememered it of old-a resort for the young ladies of the convent. Nothing was easier than onveying a letter in that way. He remem bered with a shock of disillusion and disgust that it was a common device of silly but innocent assignation. Was he to be the ridiculous accomplice of a schoolgiri's extravagant escapade or the deluded victim of some infamous plot of her infamous com-panion? He could not believe either, yet se could not check a certain revulsion of feeling toward her, which only a moment

ago he would have believed impossible. Yet whatever were her purpose he must prevent her coming there at any hazard. Her visit would be the culmination of her folly or the success of any plot. Even while he was fully conscious of the material effect of any scandal and exposure to her, even while he was incersed and disillusionized at her unexpected audacity, he was unusu ally stirred with the conviction that she was wronging berself, and that more than ever she demanded his help and consideration. Still she must not come. But how was he to prevent her? It wanted but an hour of dusk. Even if he could again penetrate the convent on some pretext at that inaccessible hour for visitors, the angelus, how could be communicate with her? He might intercept her on the way and persuade her to return; but she must be kept from entering

He seized his hat and rushed down stairs. But here another difficulty beset him. It was easy enough to take the ordinary road | all possibility of doubt. And still men are to the convent, but would she follow that guick and an apparently irresistible im- | public one in what must be a surreptitious | seen a sea serpent.

the hotel.

escape? And might she not have cluded the procession that morning and even now be concealed somewhere, waiting for the dark-ness to make her visit? He concluded to patrol the block next to the hotel, yet near enough to intercept her before she reached it, until that hour came. The time passed slowly. He loitered before shop windows, or entered and made purchases with his eye on the street. The figure of a pretty girl -and they were masy-the fluttering ribbons on a distant bat, or the flashing of a cambric around the corner, sent a nervous thrill through him. The reflection of his grave, abstracted face against a shop window, or the announcement of the workings of his own mind on a bulletin board, in its Incongruity with his present occupation gave him a hysterical impulse to laugh. The shadows were already gathering when be saw a siender, graceful figure disappea in the confectioner's shop on the block be low. In his elaborate precautions he had overlooked that common trysting spot .

He hurried thither and entered. The object of his search was not there, and he was compelled to make a shame-faced awkward survey of the tables in an inner refreshment saloon to satisfy himself. Any one of the pretty girls seated there might have been the one who had just entered, but none was the one he sought. He burried to the street again-he had wasted a precious moment—and resumed his watch. The sun had sunk, the angelus had rung out of a chapel belfry, and shadows were darkening the vista of the Alameda. She had not come. Perhaps she had thought better of it; perhaps she had been prevented; perhaps the whole appointment had been only a trick of some day scholars, who were laughing at him behind some window. In proportion as her became convinced that was not coming, he was conscious a keen despair growing in his heart, and a sickening remorae that he had ever thought of preventing her. And when he at last reluctantly re-entered the botel, he was as miserable over the conviction that she was not coming as he had been at her expected arrival.

The porter met him nurriedly in the ball "Sister Seraphina, of the Sacred Heart, has been here in a hurry to see you on a matter of importance," he said, eyeing Key somewhat carlously. "She would not wait in the public parlor, as she said her business was confidential, so I have put her in a private sitting room on your floor.

Key feit the blood leave his checks. The secret was out for all his precaution. The lady superior had discovered the girl's flight-or her attempt. One of the governsisterhood was here to arraign him for it, or at least prevent an open scandal. Yet he was resolved, and seizing this last straw, he hurriedly mounted the stairs determining to do battle at any ick for the girl's safety, and to perjore simself to any extent.

Fire was standing in a room by the window. The light fell upon the coarse serge is with its white facings, on the single girdle that scarcely defined the forndess valst, on the large crucifix that dangled ungracefully almost to her knees, on the ddesns, white-winged coif that, with the came but dense white veil, was itself a renunciation of all human vanity. It was and her joyous recognition of him? It a figure he remembered well as a boy, and even in his excitement and half resentment, tembed him now, as when a boy, most have really loved her from the sense of its pathetic isolation. His head had been as mysteriously impressed as proached gently, passed him a slight sale

Then, with a rapid movement, so quick that he could scarcely follow it, the coif, tosary, and crucifix were swept off, and the young pupil of the convent stood be

For all the sember suggestiveness of her disguise and its ungraceful contour, there was no mistaking the adorable little head, tumbled all over with silky tendrils of air from the hasty withdrawal of her coif. or the blue eyes that sparkled with frank delight beneath them. Key thought her more beautiful than ever. Yet the very effect of her frankness and beauty was to recall him to all the danger and incongruity of her position.

"This is mindness," he said quickly. 'You may be followed here and discovered in this costume at any moment!" Nevertheless he caught the two little hands trayed the secret. Was it left for him, at that had been extended to him, and held this very patient of his passion, to be them tightly, and with a frank familiarity the one to tell her? Could be bear to see that he would have wondered at an in-

"But I won't," she said, simply: "You see I'm doing a baif retreat, and I stay with it not be wiser, even more manly, for him-a man over twice her years—to leave always sleeps two hours after the angelus; she said suddenly, bending a repreachful glance upon him, "you don't like me in them. I know they're just horral; but it was the only way I could get out."

You don't understand me," he said eagerly. "I don't like you to run these dreadful risks and dangers for---" He would have said "for me," but added with sudden humitry- "for nothing. Had I dreamed that you cared to see me I would have arranged it easily without this indicretion, which might make others mislade you. Every instant that you remain here worse, every moment that you are away from the convent in that disguise is fraught with danger. I know you never thought of

"But I did," she said, quietly. "I thought of it, and thought that if Sister Se raphina woke up and they sent for me you would take me away with you to that dear futle hollow in the hills where I first heard your voice. You remember it, don't you known friend. He recalled the fact that You were lost, I think, in the darkness and I used to say to myself afterward that I found you. This was the first time. Then the second time I heard you was here in the hall. I was alone in the other room, for Mrs. Barker was out. I did not know you were here, but I knew your voice. The third time was before the convent gate, and then I knew you knew me. And after that I didn't think of anything but coming to you, for I knew that if I was found out you would take me back with you and perhaps send word to my brother where we were, and then-She stopped suddenly, with her eyes fixed on Key's blank face. Her own grew blank, the joy faded out of her clear eyes, she gently withdrew her hand from his, and without a word began to resume her disguise. (To be continued.)

AS TO THE SEA SERPENT.

The Norwegian fisherman regard the xistence of the rea serpent as a thing bevend doubt and can tell any number of stories about his appearances. Olaus Magnus in 1522 described the serpent as 200 feet long and 20 feet in circumference, baving fiery eyes and a short mane.

Hans Egede, a bishop who traveled to-Greenland in 1734, described the rerpent which dawned upon his vision as on a level with the ship's maintop, with a snout long and sharp and a whalelike way of blowing water. It had broad, paddlelike paws and a rough, uneven skin. Furthermore, the modest bishop drew a picture of the animal.

One of the best authenticated appear ances of the monster is the one which appeared in 1847 to the officers of H. M. S. Daedalus. It was fifteen inches in diameter, was dark brown and yellow and had a mane like a horse.

Capt. Nelson of the American ship Sacramento saw a sea serpent in 1877 that was a big around as a flour barrel. Dr. Biccard of Cape Town saw a monster

one It was 200 feet in length, of a dull, dark color and spotted with white. The number of sea serpents which have been seen is innumerable. There is no doubt that they do exist, for the reputable persons who have reported seeing them preclude laughed at who announce that they have



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The accommodation train from Athensville had just drawn up at the station, and a solitary passenger had alighted. I was standing beside the station-master on the platform, nearly opposite the baggage-car. Suddenly from the door of the latter there shot a large , bair-covered trunk, which came toward me, revolving on one of its ends at a surprising rate of speed. The stationmaster seized me by the arm and dragged me out of the way of the trunk, thus saving me from serious injury; for the trunk con tinuing its career across the platform, struck against a wooden column, and bursting open, covered the platform in its vicinity with the miscellaneous property of its owner.

I was about to express my indignation when my companion exclaimed, with genuine enthusiasm. "Weil, I never saw a trunk handled better b'goshi not even by old Joe Stryker, and he was reckoned the champion baggage-smasher of the Northwest.

"You don't mean to say," said I, "that you approve of destroying people's property and endangering people's lives, as that baggage- master has just done?"

"I mean to say," replied my friend, that I like to see a man thorough about his business, whatever it is. If his business is baggage-smashing. I like to see him smash it thoroughly. That's what I did myself when I was a baggage-master, and no man who knows this road will contradict me. Why, Stryker and me, we had a match for the champonship one sammer The man was to win who simuled the largest percentage of trunks, not including of course, valless or such small truck Well, I smashed twenty-three per cent of all the trunks I handled during that time and Stryker, he only smashed twenty seve percent. So you see he wasn't so very much end of me after all '

"It must take a good deal of experience to handle a heavy trank in the way that fellow handled than trank," said 1, tooking at the wreck of the unknown travelers personal property.

"It's all in the way you start a trunk a-going," was the reply. "You can take a trank that is so heavy that it strains you to lift up one end of it, but if you balance t on one corner and give it a quick turn with your wrist, it will rell along until it fetches up against something as if it was shot out of a rifleff cannon. Naturally, when a man has to handle lifty and a bun dred or more heavy trunks in a day, he gets to taking a pelife in the way he does it Why, I remember affew years ago, when the women get into the way of carrying trunks six feet by four, and weighing six or eight hundred pounds, that a baggage master who did not smash fifteen per cent of them wasn't considered to be up to his work, and he'd soon find that the company hadn't any further use for him."

The train was on its way. The owner of the unfortunate trunk gathered up his persessions, crammed them into their damaged receptacle, and climbed into the hotel unibus without a word of complaint.
'I like that chap," said the station-

"He's an old traveler, he is. Now, if he hadn't been used to railroads he'd have been cursing the company, and



"I Got One of the Brakemen to Help Me Lift the Coffin."

talking about bringing an action agains But he knows it ain't no use There has never been a way found yet of getting ahead of a smart bagage-master, hough lots of men have tried to do it. If you just sit down and make yourself comortable, I'll tell you about a man who did get the best of me for a little while, when I was baggage-master of the day express on this very road, and he was about the smartest traveler I ever met profession

"This man's name was Truefit-Cy. Truefit—and he was a commercial traveler who carried a full line of samples with him, and carried them in a middling big and heavy trunk. Well, he got tired of having his trunk busted open and his three times a week, and he swore that he | good sales. would get a trunk that no baggage-master could smash. The boys along the road

it, for they knew me preity well, and cal- had been a brilliant success, and that culated that I could attend to any trunk be was now going to take the remains that Cy, could invent.
"The first thing he tried was naturally an iron trunk. A man always believes that an iron trunk isstronger than a wooden | ning the funeral business into the ground. trunk until he tries it. When he does try it, he finds that the heavier the trunk is the harder it will bring up against any obstacle, and the more eternally and everlastingly it will go to smash. Cy. had I just called the brakesman and we got a trunk built of sheet iron, with heavy iron the remains aboard the train. When we ribs, and it weighed pretty near as much as one of these fire-proof safes. He cal- one of my feet and one of the brakesculated that I or any other baggage-master would find it too heavy to handle, and that if some one did manage to send it kiting ecross the platform it wouldn't come to any harm. The first trip he made with that trunk it came into my bands. Cy. was to stop at Carthage Center, about fifty miles down the road; and when he got on the platform the first thing he saw was | there have been fifty shotguns fired into that trunk flying down the whole length of it, at about twice the speed of an ordinary trunk. It jumped off the end of the platform and fetched up against a big block of marble that was lying in the grass. The air was just full of samples, and shirts, and bottles, and hair-brushes and such. The train men allowed that they had never

seen such a complete smash since they had been railroading, and I consider it myself one of the best pieces of professional work I ever did. The way of it was this: I hove that trunk out of the baggage car the minute the car reached the end of the platform. The train was a long one, and moving middling fast at the time, and it was this that gave the trunk its magnificent

start down the platform. "Cy. Truefit came along to where the splinters of his trunk were lying, and was so overcome with the sight that he just sat down on the marbie rock and remarked to bimself in a kind of low and thoughtful voice 'Well, I'll be d--dl' I sang out to him as the train started on again: 'that there iron don't seem to work so very well, after all! But Cy. didn't say anything. He was thinking, and I don't mind saying that he tought out a first-class scheme-that is, it would have en, if it had only worked.

"I didn't see anything of Cy. for a month, until one day, when my train stopped at West Tangiers, where Cy. ed, and as I afterwards beard I found a handsome coffin waiting to be put aboard



"We'll Put Your Good Lady in the Woodshed.'

the train Nowadays when a coffin is cent by freight or express it is always mailed up in a big packing box, but in those days handsome coffins were a sort of novelty in the Northwest, and folks that could afford to own one never thought of concenting it in a packing box.

"I was preparing to slide the coffin into my car when a man with a big piece of crape on his hat comes up to me and says to me: 'That's the remains of my poor motherin-law. I know you'll handle her careful, it be but Cy. Truefit! I badn't ever heard of his having had a wife, but I never thought of doubting his word, and I felt real sorry for him. So I says: 'I'm mighty sorry to hear It, Cy., and you can depend me to do my best in the way of handling the poor old lady's remains." Cy., he just dabbed his eyes with his handkerchief and said, 'Thank you, my friend,' and then went into the smoking car, leaving the coffin in my charge.

nother in law must have been a good dea above Cy's weight in her lifetime, for her offin weighed more than any coffin I had ever handled. However, that wasn't my oneern. Some men like heavy women, and some like light ones. Not being a married man myself, I don't know which is the best but, speaking from a common-sente point of riew, it seems to me that when two hundred pounds of wife don't cost any more ne hundred pounds, a sensible man will take the most he can get for his money.

'I gave the old lady a nice quiet corner in my car, and we carried her on to New Berlinopolis, which, at that time, was a flourshing town, though it's about as dead now as this identical town where we're sitting. I got one of the brake-men to help me lift the coffin, and set it down gently in he baggage-room of the station; and the thing was so heavy that I strained my back fting it, and couldn't do justice to dinary trunks for the next fortnight However, I thought I had showed proper respect to the dead, and when Cy thanked me, and said that he and the remains would be going on to Garrison Bridge the next day, and that he had only brought them down to New Berlinopolis to have a funeral service, the church in West Tangiers being closed for repairs in consequence of the minister having eloped with one of the deacon's wives, I wished that I could go to the funeral myself and back Cy up. But my duties were imperative, and I said goodbye to Cy., hoping that he would take some other train than mine the next time he wanted to carry any deceased corpses with

"They told me afterward that Cy, paid the station-marter at New Berlinopolis to let him keep the coffin locked up in the baggage-room for the night, with the privilege of keeping the key and going in from time to time to see if it was all right. I never met anybody who went to the funeral at New Berlinopolis, but I did hear that Cy., in spite of his grief, showed his samples to all the bus samples scattered on the platform two or | men in the town, and made some unusually

"The next day when my train came could smash. The boys along the road along there was Cy, on the platform with smiled considerable when they heard of his coffin. He told me that the funeral down to Spartansville, and settle them comfortably in the cemetery there. I thought to myself that the man was run for one funeral is all that any one corpse is entitled to, according to my notion However, I didn't wish to interrupt Cy.'s mourning by any remarks of my own, so man's bands, and everything was comfortable again, the brakesman said: 'If these here remains is any relation of yours, I wish for to say nothing; but if they nin't none of your family's I'll just remark that who ever's in that coffin must have been filled up choke-full of lead, and serve him right. I don't doubt that that corpse, for it weighs four times what any healthy corpse ought to weigh.' You see the man's thumb was pretty well smashed, and in the circumstance be couldn't have been expected to feel kindly

toward the remains.
"At Spartansville, Cy., as I was told by the station-master there, wanted to

leave his mother-in-law in the baggage room for the night with free access to her but the station-master wouldn't consent to it. So Cy. had to take her to the hotel. A friend of mine who happened to be in the hotel at the time, told me all about it and be said be never saw a man so full of grief as Cy. seemed to be when he walked into the hotel with six men carrying the coffin after him

"After Cy. had registered his name h says to the cierk. 'should like to have that coffin placed in my room for the night.'

"'What's in it?' asked the clerk " 'The remains of my beloved wife's mother,' says Cy., in a broken sort of

" 'That settles it.' said the clerk 'Sorry to disoblige you, but we can't allow no remains in no room in this house. We'll put your good lady out in the woodshed, where she'll be perfectly comfortable; but this ain't no cemetary, nor yet no under-taker's shop, and we don't furnish accomnodations inside of the hotel for anyhody's remains."

"'But,' says Cy., 'she's all right. She was embalmed by the best embalmer in this section, and there's no earthly rea son why I shouldn't have her in my She'll give less trouble than most of the

women you take in." 'I've said my say,' said the clerk. This is a hotel for live folks, and not for remains. If you don't like our rules all

you have to do is to leave." "Cy. stood reflecting for a minute, and then beleans over and whispers to the clerk, who burst out laughing, and said, "Ob, very well! That alters the case. Considering the character of your remains I don't mind letting them go into your room.' And with that he calls a half dozen porters,

and they carry Cy.'s mother-in-law up

three pairs of stairs; and pretty hard work

they must have found it. "The next day but one my train got to Spartansville an hour and a half late. You see that the accommodation train had gone off the strack down past below Spartansville through getting mixed with a pair of oxer and a lead of hay that was trying to cross the track ahead of it, so we had to lay up till the track was clear. A little while before we were ready to start I saw Cy. Truefit come on to the datform with his coffin following behind im on a truck. He seemed a little aston-

him see that I was astonished to find that he hadsn't buried that coffin yet,
" 'What does this mean, Cy.?' says I. 'Ain't you never going to get your refugli omfortably under the ground?

shed at seeing me, and I didn't mind letting

'Couldn't bury her at Spartansville said Cy. 'The cemetery was closed for repairs; so I am taking her down to Smyrna. there I've made arrangements to have the uneral to-morrow.

"I never heard of closing a cemeters for repairs, said I. 'What kind of repairs do you mean?"
""Oh, whitewashing the tombstones and

mowing the grass, and such like,' says he. They won't be able to nury anybody in fint centery for a week."
"Weil, I concluded it when't any business

of mine how they managed the Sportans-cilie cemetery, so I said no more; but the orake man and I, we got got the coffin has be begginge car and ant on it to rest, for I seemed heavier than ever.

'That fellow is playing a game on you," ald the brakesning 'How's that?' I said.

"There ain't no corpse in that coffin," are the brakesman. 'I weight three says the brakesman. 'I weighs three times what any corpse would weigh unless it was Barnom's fat woman. Then, again I see that chap laughing in his sleeve when me and you were wrestling with the coffin 'If he was a mourner he wouldn't on the risk of being cought rejoicing

in public "It is mighty curious how he keeps this coffin above ground,' mys I. 'It's more than a week new since he started out to bury 11, and he's been riding all over the line ever since.

" 'Where's he going to take what he calls "the remains" to now?" asked the

" Down to Smyrna," says I "There's a pretty long platform there," said the brakesman; and if you and I were to give that coffic a twist just as the train strikes the platform, we'd probably find out what's in it."

"That wouldn't be showing fitting respect to the dend,' says I-that is, if there "I couldn't help thinking that Cy's really is a dead woman in the coffin." " Dead woman be hanged!" says he.

Does Truefit pretend that she's em balused? " So he says,' said I.

" 'Well, then, glume a screw-driver, and we'll know the truth about this yer offair inside of two minutes,' says the brakes-

from the engineer, and went to work to un-scrow the coffin lid. There wasn't as much remains in that coffin as there generally is of a man that's blown up with dynamics It was chokefull, as far as we could see, silks and all sorts of goods,, such as Cv. was in the babit of traveling with. We couldn't quite understand how the thing came to weigh as much as it did till we and partly unpacked it, and then we found that there was several hundred weight of end pigs fastened to the bottom. This burt my feelings, for I saw coffin. at once that Cy. had put the lead there just to make trouble for me or any other bag-

" "What do you say now," says the brakes-

man. " 'Say" said I. 'Why, that Pil smash that coffin when we get to Smyrna so that Cy. Truefit won't find a piece of it big

" 'And I'll help you,' says the man. We'll just get her up on one end, and when we get to the platform we'll tip her out and set her going. I only wish we manage so as to let her bring up against Cy's legs, but we can't have everything here to please us."

"Before we got to Smyrna everything was ready. We had loosened the screws of the coffin all around so that she could go to pieces all the more easy, and I greased the biggest end of her, so that she'd slide her level best. Then the brakesman and I got her on end close to the open door, and when we reached the platform and the train was still doing a good fifteen miles an hour, we launched her.

"You should have seen that coffin waltz ing down the platform right through the



laying them out right and left. She went pretty near the whole length of the platform before she lost her rotary motion, and when she did lose it she just settled down for a good slide on her greased end. There was a big elm tree close to the end of the platform, and the coffin hit it good and square and went into a million pieces, filling the air with Cy's samples. The emigrants that hadn't been hit went for those samples, and before Cy could get out of New York Journal.

the train everything small enough to be shoved under an emigrant's coat had disag peared,

"'Sorry your poor mother-in-law has met with this accident, says I to Cy. 'But transporting remains on the railroad is a mighty uncertain business. I've thought alf along that you'd better have bursed her where she died instead of carting her allover rention."

"Cy looked at me, and then at his samples ich as were left, and then aume again, and made up his mind to take it smiling. 'Well,' says he, 'I had the best of you while the game insted. It was worth the whole cargo osee the careful way you handled that there offin. Why, man, I never had no mother in-law, nor yet no wife-that is, since I

eft the East." "It was a middling smart game, and I'll dlow that it took me in. But in the nature of things it couldn't last, and I calculate that it cost Cy in the end considerable more than it was worth. We remembered him on the road after that, and the accidents that kent a-happening to his trunks would have discouraged pretty near any other man.

SISTER EDITH.

It was bitterly cold. The train for the orth was crowded, and after trying in vain to find a seat in a second class carriage. Paula Morrison at fast appealed to the guard, who showed her into a first lass compartment.

On the scat opposite was an old gen tleman deep in the columns of a paper. Presently it was flung aside and a letter withdrawn from a bundle in his pocket.

Buh! he thought, as he scanned the pages; he boy wishes to marry some beggarly governess, but I won't have it. Pil make him inderstand directly I get home that I will

stand no numerase of that kind. "She is of as gentle birth as we." Oh, I dore say. And so Edith said when se wanted to persuade us that that scamp Shorthridge was the best match she could make. Poor little woman, my father was a bit hard on her. I always regret that I

the daughter, too. I wonder if that lawyer fellow really did ill be could to trace them. I think I will pot the investigation into Sharp & Turn-

ould not trace her after his death. I should

have liked to have done something for

They sailed for South Africa in the av tumn of 1875, seen after the girl was born. And that is about all I know. At Granthum the old gentleman settled

imself for a doze.
"Pretty girl that opposite," he thought to himself, "sweet, plaintire face; looks as if she had known some trouble." Then he fell asleep, but awoke a few min-

gles later with a starf. He had been dreaming about his favorite lister. Edith. They were again boy and girl together, and he had been on the wait to grandfather when the old gendeman nad given him a spade gainea, "To be di-Foolimhly taking the words literally, be

A good scoiding from his father had brought he incident to a close. And Sir Exchard Culmore awoke from his ream of the long-form-tten splusde to we half a spade guinea dangling in trent of

The girl opposite to him was standing the window, which was wide out, and the cold air rushing in brought with it iny flakes of snow. Sir Richard realized that the sudden

topping of the train was probably what had aroused him. No station seemed to be

"Something wrong, I fear," he said to he young Indy.

Just then a guard passed and informed nem that an engine had been sent back to Grantham to fetch the snow plough, as the drifts made it impossible to proceed. There was no danger, but a couple of hours nivel clapse before assistance could reach them.

'Humph!" growled Sir Rachard, as he frew up the ginss again. "Well, well, it might be worse. I hope there is no one at

anxious about you," he said policely, "for it is impossible to telegraph from here." "No; no one," said Paula, with a little choke, which might be a sober sigh. "I am nuv way to a lady who does not yet kno. me; I am to be her companion, and the en-gagement has been made by correspondence. dare say she will have sent to me at Ardath; but they will expect the train to be

ate on such a day." That is my station," said Sir Richard. 'Is it possible that I am talking to Miss Morrison, who is coming to be my wife's mpanlen?"

Yes; and I suppose you are Sir Richard

He nedded. The half guines which had been before his eyes when he awoke, and which he had thought was guly part of his tream, again showed under Miss Morrison's acket as it hong from her little silver watch

"I am going to begin our acquaintance by asking you a very strange question, "Will you tell me where you got that

half-spade guinea?"
"It was my mother's," said Paula, and her eyes clouded with unshed tears. "I do not know its history, except that her rother whom she loved dearly, gave it to

"Would you care to bear its history?" mid Sir Richard, his breath coming a little nicker with the excitement of his dis-OVETY. "I am the brother who gave her that

naif coin. See, here is the other pe He took his niece's hand in his, and Paula knew that the long struggle against povrry which she find lought rince her parents

Then Paula had to tell of the happy home she dimly remembered at the Cape, and of her father's death, then of her mother's troubles, and of the journey back to England mier an assumed name, so that knowledg of their poverty might not reach the ears of those who had cast her off.

She did not tell Sir Elchard of the romance which had brightened her life at Southern how the love of Clement Devereux, who was stationed with his regiment at Portsmouth, and crept into her life, and it was surprise ndeed to Paula when the train at last cam lowly into Aninth, that Clement should greet Sir Richard as stepfather, and to Sir Richard that in his newly-found niece be should find his son's betrothed wife -Lou don Evening News.

A BIT OF HUMOR.

"Mande, I-I have come wing to say to rou-but I-I am really afraid to say it Well, wait a minute; I'll tell my brother Willie to bring you a pail of sand. Williet

-Harper's Magazine. She (coldly)-I hardly know how to re ceive your proposal. You know I am worth a million, of course.

He (diplomatically)-Yes-worth a mil lion other girls. She (rapturously)-Oh, Jack!-Truth.

Diggs-I see Jiggs has been married uppose congramiations are in order. Miggs-Well, I don't know his bride, so can't congratulate him, and I do know o I con't congratulate her."-New York Herald.

Little Ethel (hornfied)-We've snvited too many children to our ten party. There is nt enough for them to get more than a bite. Little Dot (resignedly) -That's too-bitd. We'll have to call it a reception.-

